

The Last Night

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Summary: A sweet retelling of Lily and James' last night alive.

Rating for slightly violent, sexual content.

The Last Night

"The Last Night"

>
by *~Amethyst~*

>
Disclaimer: Lily, James, Harry, Dumbledore, and Tom/Voldemort belong to J. K. Rowling.

>
Lily sat in the middle of the living room, playing with her small son, Harry. He was beginning to take small steps. Lily clapped her hands when ever he stood up and took another wavering step towards her. She was so proud of her darling little boy.

>
The door shut with a loud bang. James was home from work. He smiled and put his arm around Lily, giving her a kiss that even then, when they had been married for almost a year, sent chills down her spine. "How's Harry?"

>
"Oh, he's wonderful. Just been teaching himself how to walk. Aren't you proud of him?"

>
"Most definitely." James smiled at his small son.

>
Lily shivered. "I'ts getting a little cold, I'd better close the windows." She walked over to the sunlit window and slowly shut it.

>
Later that night, after they'd put Harry to bed, Lily and James changed into their night clothes. Lily climbed under the covers, while James, restless, paced the room. "I can't shake the feeling that something's wrong."

>
"Oh James, you always were a worrywart. Come here." She pulled him down into bed with her and gave him a spine-tingling kiss. "Mm, Lily, you taste great."

>
"Must have been that chocolate mousse." She ran her hand through his thick black hair.

>
James started to pull down the strap of her nightgown. He kissed her bare shoulder, then the other one. As he was beginning to pull the gown down further, she stopped him. "James, wait. I think I hear something."

>
"I think I do, too." They got out of bed and walked warily over

to the window. Lily pulled her night gown up.

>
All of a sudden, James was struck from behind. "Aah!" He whirled around to face a tall, dark shadow. "V-voldemort!"

>
"Oh, you're not only romantic but smart. Tell me, Potter, was it hard to become Head Boy? It was fairly easy, for me, you know, when I was only . . ."

>
"Tom Riddle!" cried Lily. She had just peiced it all together. Voldemort was Tom Riddle! Those long months of research had finally paid off . . .

>
He turned to her with a sneer. "Ah, my dear Lily, the Mudblood. You're looknig beautiful tonight. Want me to get rid of James? Then it'll be just the two of us . . . alone . . . together."

>
"And Harry! You've forgotten about him! I won't let you get him!" But it was too late. James bravely tried to defend his wife and son, but was unmercifully struc down. As he lay dying on the floor, he croaked "Lily . . . protect Harry, at all costs. But be careful of yourself!" Then he died.

>
"Now, my dear, it is just you and me." Lily, who was kneeling over James' body, weeping, jerked back at the sound of Voldemort's voice.

>
Voldemort gave an unsettling smile and moved close to her. He took out a shiny dagger and, with a flick of his wrist, traced it along her collar bone. Lily shuddered. Voldemort had her in his arms and was kissing her passiontely. "Get off of me, you monster!" sobbed Lily.

>
Lily jerked away from Voldemort's cold touch and ran into the baby's room. James' words rang in her ears. "Protect Harry, at all costs!" Lily entered the bedroom and grabbed little Harry, cuddling him in her arms. "Oh precious, don't cry! It'll be alright!"

>
She pressed Harry against her chest and fled outside to the cold streets of Godric's Hollow. Snow swirled around her as she tried to make her escape with the baby. People were staring at the poor mother and her little child. Then, the two vanished before their eyes.

>
Lily found herself in the cold, forsaken room with Voldemort once more. She cried and struggled, but to no avail. Voldemort struck her down with his wand. She managed to crawl on top of Harry, protecting him. "I . . . won't . . . let . . . you . . . get . . . him!"

>
Voldemort tried to kill Harry, but to his surprise, it was impossible. "You ignorant fool, what have you done!" With an angry cry, he dissappeared in a puff of smoke.

>
The dying Lily dragged herself over to James' lifeless body. She lay down on top of him and kissed his cold lips. As she died, she managed to murmur out, "I did it, James. I protected him. Now, the two of us will be together. Forever."

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>
Meanwhile, a forgotten baby lay near the pair, wailing and screaming. Some kind village folk eventually came to see what the yelling was all about. They picked up the kicking, squirming baby and looked at each other. "We'd better get this to Dumbeldore."

End
file.